



You go to your barber, week after week, hoping the shampoo will cure your dandruff. But the dandruff continues to form as badly as ever. The trouble is you do not go at it in the right way. The scalp is diseased, and you must cure it before your dandruff will ever disappear. Simple washing will never bring this about.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

This splendid hair preparation cures dandruff because it cures the disease of the scalp, and then the dandruff soon disappears for good. Ayer's Hair Vigor will prevent dandruff, and at the same time it will keep your hair soft and glossy.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.
For Sale by HILO DRUG COMPANY

Oceanic S.S. Company

Time Table

The steamers of this line will arrive and leave this port as hereunder:

FROM SAN FRANCISCO.	
Alameda	July 22
Sonoma	August 8
Alameda	August 12
Ventura	August 24
Alameda	September 2
Sierra	September 14
Alameda	September 23
Sonoma	October 5
Alameda	October 14
Ventura	October 26
Alameda	November 4
Sierra	November 16
Alameda	November 25
Sonoma	December 7
Alameda	December 16

FOR SAN FRANCISCO.	
Alameda	July 27
Ventura	August 2
Alameda	August 17
Sierra	August 23
Alameda	September 7
Sonoma	September 13
Alameda	September 28
Ventura	October 4
Alameda	October 19
Sierra	October 25
Alameda	November 9
Sonoma	November 15
Alameda	November 30
Ventura	December 6
Alameda	December 21

In connection with the sailing of the above steamers the agents are prepared to issue, to intending passengers **Coupon Through Tickets** by any railroad from San Francisco to all points in the United States, and from New York by any steamship line to all European ports. For further particulars apply to

Wm. C. Irwin & Co.
LIMITED

General Agents Oceanic S. S. Co.

Union Barber Shop.

GARCIA & CANARIO, Props.

We Shave, Cut Hair and Shampoo at Ext-Elve Rates.

We also take particular pains with Children's Haircutting.

UNION BUILDING,
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PLANTERS' LINE

—OF—
SAILING VESSELS

Direct Line between SAN FRANCISCO AND HILO.

Bark St. Catharine, Capt. Saunders
Bark Amy Turner, Capt. Warland
Bark Martha Davis, Capt. McAllman

QUICK DISPATCH

For freight and passage apply to
WELCH & CO., Agents, San Francisco
C. BREWER & CO., Ltd., Agents,
Honolulu, or

H. Hackfeld & Co., Ltd.
AGENTS, HILO.

White Horse

The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Copyright, 1902, by Stewart Edward White

"Do you play the fiddle much?" continued Thorpe.

The cripple nodded again. "Let's hear what you can do."

"They cut my strings!" cried Phil, with a passionate wail.

The cry came from the heart, and Thorpe was touched by it. The price of strings was evidently a big sum.

"I'll get you more in the morning," said he. "Would you like to leave Bay City?"

"Yes!" cried the boy, with passion.

"You would have to work. You would have to be a chore boy in a lumber camp and play fiddle for the men when they wanted you to."

"I'll do it," said the cripple.

"All right; then I'll take you," replied Thorpe.

The cripple said nothing nor moved a muscle of his face, but the gleam of the wolf failed to give place to the soft, affectionate glow seen in the eyes of a setter dog. Thorpe was startled at the change.

A knock announced the sandwiches and milk. The cripple fell upon them with both hands in a sudden ecstasy of hunger. When he had finished, he looked again at Thorpe, and this time there were tears in his eyes.

A little later Thorpe interviewed the proprietor of the hotel.

"I wish you'd give this boy a good cheap room and charge his keep to me," said he. "He's going north with me."

Thorpe lay awake for some time after retiring. Phil claimed a share of his thought. In an hour or so he dozed.

He dreamed that the cripple had grown to enormous proportions and was overshadowing his life. A slight noise outside his bedroom door brought him to his feet.

He opened the door and found that in the stillness of the night the poor deformed creature had taken the blankets from his bed and had spread them across the doorsill of the man who had befriended him.

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participate in a fight. He retold Thorpe's story artistically. The men agreed that the "young fellow had sand enough for a lake front." After that there needed but a little skillful maneuvering to inspire them with the idea that it would be a great thing to take a hand, to "make a camp" in spite of the big concern up river.

Shearer knew that this attitude was tentative. Everything depended on how well Thorpe lived up to his reputation at the outset. But Tim himself believed in Thorpe blindly. So he had no fears.

A little incident at the beginning of the voyage did much to reassure him.

Thorpe had given orders that no whisky was to be brought aboard. Soon after leaving dock he saw one of the teamsters drinking from a pint flask. Without a word he stepped briskly forward, snatched the bottle from the man's lips and threw it overboard. Then he turned sharp on his heel and walked away without troubling himself as to how the fellow was going to take it.

The occurrence pleased the men, for it showed them they had made no mistake. But it meant little else. The chief danger really was lest they become too settled in the protective attitude. As they took it, they were about good naturedly, to help along a worthy greenhorn. This they considered exceedingly generous on their part, and in their own minds they were inclined to look on Thorpe much as a grown man would look on a child.

Fine weather followed them up the long blue reach of Lake Huron, into the noble breadth of the Bedouin passage, past the opening through the Thousand Islands of the Georgian bay, into the St. Mary's river. They were locked through after some delay on account of the grain barges from Duluth and at last turned their prow westward in the Big Sea water, beyond which lay Hiawatha's Po-ne-mah, the Land of the Hereafter.

Next morning by daybreak every man was at work. The hatches were

er sharply, "and you can't set foot on her."

"You have no legal status. You had no business building in the first place," began Thorpe, and then stopped with a choke of anger at the futility of arguing legality in such a case.

The men had gathered interestedly in the waist of the ship, cool, impartial, severely critical. The vessel swung her bow in toward the dock. Thorpe ran swiftly forward and during the instant of rubbing contact leaped.

He alighted squarely upon his feet. Without an instant's hesitation he rushed on Dyer and with one full, clean in-blow stretched him stunned on the dock. For a moment there was a pause of astonishment. Then the workmen closed upon him.

During that instant Thorpe had become possessed of a weapon. It came hurrying through the air from above to fall at his feet. Shearer, with the cool calculation of the pioneer, had seen that it would be impossible to follow his chief and so had done the next best thing, thrown him a heavy iron belaying pin.

Thorpe hit with all his strength and quickness. He was conscious once of being on the point of defeat. Then he had cleared a little space for himself. Then the men were on him again more savagely than ever. One fellow even succeeded in hitting him a glancing blow on the shoulder.

Then came a sudden crash. Thorpe was nearly thrown from his feet. The next instant a score of yelling men leaped behind and all around him. There ensued a moment's scuffle, the sound of dull blows, and the dock was clear of all but Dyer and three others who were, like himself, unconscious. The captain, yielding to the excitement, and ran his prow plump against the wharf.

Some of the crew received the mooring lines. All was ready for disembarkation.

Bryan Moloney, a strapping Irish-American of the big boned, red checked type, threw some water over the four stunned combatants. Slowly they came to life. They were promptly yanked to their feet by the irate river men, who commenced at once to bestow sundry vigorous kicks and shakings by way of punishment. Thorpe interposed.

"Quit it," he commanded. "Let them go."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

St. Petersburg, Russia, July 14.

—The report of the Japanese disaster at Port Arthur is not confirmed.

Chefoo, China, July 14.—The Japanese have captured the Chinese steamer Haiping, laden with contraband goods destined for the Russians.

"I have a right to land," answered Thorpe. "The shore belongs to me."

"This dock doesn't," retorted the other.

The men were on him again.

opened, and soon between-decks was cumbered with boxes, packing cases, barrels and crates. In their improvised stalls the patient horses seemed to catch a hint of shore going and whinnied. By 10 o'clock there loomed against the strange coast line of the Pictured rocks a shallow bay and what looked to be a dock distorted by the northern surge.

"That's her," said the captain.

Two hours later the steamboat slid between the yellow waters of two outlying reefs and with slackened speed moved slowly toward the wharf of log cribs filled with stone.

Thorpe knew very well that the structure had been erected by and belonged to Morrison & Daly, but the young man had had the foresight to purchase the land lying on the deep water side of the bay. He therefore anticipated no trouble in unloading, for, while Morrison & Daly owned the pier itself, the land on which it abutted belonged to him.

From the arms of the bay he could make out a dozen figures standing near the end of the wharf. When, with proper reversed, the Pole Star bore slowly down toward her moorings, Thorpe recognized Dyer at the head of eight or ten workmen. It looked suspicious.

"Catch this line!" sang out the mate, hurling the coil of a hand line on the wharf.

No one moved, and the little rope after a moment slid overboard with a splash.

The captain, with a curse, signaled full speed astern.

"Captain Morse," cried Dyer, stepping forward, "my orders are that you are to land here nothing but M. & D. merchandise."

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